

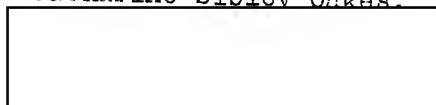


NEWS, VIEWS, AND REVIEWS,
Brings you some cues
From the theater world to amuse
And a few ideas to choose....
We hope you will excuse
The fact we are a little late
With our March 31st date
And now without pretense
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BY:

Catharine Sibley Oakes



STAT

A R E T H E Y D E A F I N C U B A ?

Now that President Ike has returned from lands afar,
Back to our nation's Capitol, its bright and shining star
On the world horizon of struggle and bargaining and flight
 against fraud

Amendments to the Constitution

Are backstopped here at home
In class rooms as well as the Capitol's dome.
Young ministers without portfolio may be found
In many a conference round
Fashioning research theses or group discussions fine
On mulitple marketing for Chile, Brazil, or Uruguay, or the
Argentine.

For International Relations here at home
Have a new look from top to toe as diplomats return from round
Bringing views afresh of problems and opportunities far across
the foam.

Not only do we speed packages by plane and train through CARE,
But we organize our citizens' emissaries and fly them there.
And hold conventions of alumni city club design,
As University of Pennsylvania did in Puerto Rico last year in '59.
To be received by the Mayoress who
Was graduated from Pennsylvania, too.
Today we see the Commies have Cuba in uproar,
And so our planes from America through Puerto Rico's skies
 now soar,
A bulwark of friendship and reassuring force
'Gainst some men's imaginings that democracies of course --
Can not take preventative action in time
To aid their friends in any clime!

AMERICAN PRODUCTS IN SOVIET LAND

I saw Richard Nixon in Russia on my television screen
Opening up America's exhibit with its products never seen
In Sovietland until that very day. Automobiles and color
TV sets
Had the crowds all gaping wild so that Krushchev had to make
ground stand bets
In trying to outshout America's accomplishments in manu-
facturing and marketing in every way
Dick Nixon saw what he was up to and outglamoured and out-
shouted Mr. K-----.

I saw Richard Nixon sitting down to chat awhile
Over San Francisco's station giving Education a trial
KQED it was where John Day
Sits as program manager that he may
Serve his subscription viewers with the best to come his way.
That night was Richard Nixon's chance to show what he could
give
On a program called significantly -- "That Free Men Might Give
The idea I took away was that Soviet Russia is on the make
To distill from her culture everything that she can take
Whether it be for the good of individuals or not
It is all to go into the great big USSR pot.
Now Nixon called America to think on how she could
Make new combinations from her democratic culture if she
would.
What unused potential could thus be recombined
In Education's laboratory for the training of the mind?

Well, we hope that you who read our sheet
Will glimpse where Education's already out to meet
The Soviet challenge to
Approved For Release 2003/05/23 : CIA-RDP80B01676R0003700010029-2
To retool minds and men in life long learning's span.

Christian Herter's patience holds....
While inquiring Committeemen yell -- "Goals!"

"No outlined plan?" "No stated purpose?" "No established subject?" "No written agenda?"
"The interrogator snarled a bit under his breath with its
"Lenda?"

Why then have a Summit Conference at all ?
If we're not prepared in advance all plays to call ?
This was the voice of another of the committeemen hounds
Just another pressure on top of all the rest to push all
kindly patience out of bounds.
Fortunately the man at the helm of the Department of State
Had developed long stretches of patience while men berate
The secondary goals and try pushing the cart before
the horse

Thinking to force the logic of conclusion of course
Before the main proposition is set at the source
In the minds of leaders -- just a willingness to meet --
And find out what the problems in common are that will
greet

The efforts of statesmen gathered round the conference
table

In the Nth attempt world affairs to make stable
But so it must ever be where councils of men sit to
define

The course of events instead of opening the way to the
divine.

O H, S O N S O F H A M !

Oh, Sons of Ham, we wish you well, we wish you well --
In this ungodly contest as to who can raise the most hell
Between man and man !
Who can carve up the most, the mightiest and the best,
Whittle the spirits until like all the rest
Of the people, America, too, must writhe in pain
Under the lash of revenge and hate at no little strain
For any one of us on earth !

Oh, Sons of Ham, your War Department of the NAACP
Your Urban League with all its subtlety
For spreading rife twixt man and man
How little do you know who pulls the puppet strings
And feeds the hate of these misunderstandings.

Sons of Ham, how can you be so blind!
You who know what laughter does and what kind
Magic the tender touch can make !

Are you perhaps under the delusion fine
That because you think you descend from the line
Of Ham that you must serve and serve and serve and serve?
Do you not know that we all must serve and serve and serve?
Until we relinquish our human sense of life and verve
For that of the life divine?

Why don't you read your Bible well
And seek your true inheritance and not sell
Your birthright pottage? For in Genesis Chap One
We read that man under the sun
Is not made in the image and likeness
Of Father Abraham or Brother Isaac, or Jacob,
Or Ishmael, or Cain or Abel, or Ham !
But, in the very image and likeness of God ant of man!
And with qualities divine!
Oh, "Sons of Ham", there lies your power
And your dominion, and your capacity and your charm
To bring peace on earth
Toward men in firebrand toil here on earth.

What matters it who goes through Heaven's door
First, or just down the line into the next store?
Wars may be won by whoever gets there the first
With the mostest...but Heaven isn't, of that I'm sure...
Because -- How could it be "Heaven"
With anyone unforgiven
Left outside the gates unloved, suffering, and forlorn?

A SONG FROM THE WINTER OLYMPICS
As witnessed via NBC TV and RADIO

I love --
Thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills
Thy winter sports and thrills...
Ski jumps, ice hockey, road end skating spills
When free men compete with skills
In a free air like that above.

I saw Old Glory at the end of the track
Cheer our men on as they plowed their way back
To the top of the jump-off so high,
But look! Quick! Glance!
A winged thing on the fly --
Was it diminutive man on skis
Or a bird on the wing
Was it ski stick or olive branch
That a new message would bring?

In the USA's locker room what bird
A whisper from a Russian athlete overheard,
Saying, "Oxygen we've found fine
To imbibe in high altitudes clime
Try it now for the win
Of your men in ice hockey's spin --"
So saying, he withdrew
But America's men knew
Russia had dared
And a competitive secret shared
As they shot off to the ice ring and victory anew.

WHEN IS A SPHINX A SMILING SPHINX AND NO GROUCH -- OOH !

Groucho Marx with his eyebrows and ubiquitous cigar
 Entertained Dr. Robert Miller, scientist of oceanography afar
 Whose studies in animal life
 Nudged Groucho with innuendos rife
 To demand what kind of poodles he clipped
 "No dogs have I," the scientist quipped
 "No dogs, not a one"
 This was a serious study of animals under the sun!
 "Oh, then you're not a clip joint at all at all,"
 Spoofed Groucho needling for the scientist's fall,
 "But, can you tell me if a choreographer is a dance director
 Why isn't a cartographer one with cards or carts, by Hector?
 If a harpoon is a guy with a spear
 Why isn't a lampoon a guy with a lamp, my dear?
 And if a shark is a maco ;
 Why then is a tall hat a shako ?
 Exhausted, Dr. Miller and wife
 Reached into the question box
 To extract some money from the old fox
 And came off with 900 dollars certainly no trif...
 But overhead the question bird
 Listening in stuffed silence never heard
 The magic "table" word
 But kept his secret with never a rustle of feather
 While below on stage all was calm and serious weather
 For the contestants had saved their face
 And arbiter Groucho sat with hidden smile as he judged the
 race.

IN SEARCH OF THE MELODIOUS

HOW GOD CAME TO MAKE HONKY-TONK ANGELS....

"Let me see," said the Lord one day,
 As he surveyed His pattern of angels in pink and white
 array
 "I've brown angels, and black angels, along with my white
 haired angel child.
 I've provocative angels, and sanctimonious angels, and
 angels with tempers mild,
 I've speed demons -- angels that is,
 Guardian angels, and angels to wrestle with...
 As when Jacob won his name of Israel. Then there's angels
 with fiery swords
 Stationed at the gates of Eden. Heavenly angels with
 Annunciation words
 Angels o. Michael's pattern for courage strong,
 Angels of love that blow their trumpets like Gabriel --
 loud and strong
 But there's a cosy little rhythm of tapping feet I miss...
 It starts clippity-clip, clippity clop, like this --
 And then there's a melody, something very simple, from the
 the heart
 It's all a part -- of my symphony...but there's a laugh
 in it and a sigh
 And a tear, by and by,...but the wings of all the other sou
 Sweep the tear away because I'm right here and there's
 nothing to fear
 Or to weep about you see,
 But I need a little angel to show that to all the world
 for me,
 And so -- I'll set Me up a Honky-Tonk with a piano, guitar,
 and drum
 And I'll borrow Gabriel's and Michael's melody and jazz
 it up, or strum...
 Swing it maybe and bounce it with a Rock 'N Roll rhythmit
 And my angel of the Honky-Tonk will dance and sing my hit!

AMERICANA OF THE SEA

The world of Walt Disney and his creative crew
Are reputed to use a story board for their artists who drew
The over all blue print of story, action, and design.
And there are those who along with Gertrude Stein
Say "A book is a book is a book for all I say --"
Yet, last week on the TODAY show of Dave Garraway
We watched a tale from American heritage unfurled
Of whaling boats and men of the sea and a canvass curled
Against the whipping winds of a storm tossed sea.

The technique of the telling flowed free as could be
As frame followed frame interspersed with panorama swing
That gave continuity to sunbonnets, or old fashioned masts
and many a picturesque thing,
To boats manned with harpooners chasing after gigantic
whales
That sometimes were caught and sometimes whose tails
Flashed by or flooded boats or capsized them into the storm.
This was heightened by song or made dirgeful with drum
beat form

As the story teller's voice in sad accents told
Of a burial at sea in a grave of water cold.
The pace picks up again as the ship returns to shore
And the sunbonneted heads mingle with loved ones once more.
These were daring days that took courage from every heart
But the space-age light-years that lie ahead for us
demand as well the pioneering start.

Story and message and picturesque form and song
Called forth much artistry to speed idea along...
And so it was that ~~as we watched~~ our television word
Jack Lescoulie and a wizard guitarist along with
Dave Garraway were heard.

CAPTAIN KANGAROO AND THE TREASURE HOUSE, TOO

Have you ever met a man by the name of Captain Kangaroo ?
Well, if you haven't, friend, it's just too bad for youcos?
He can tell you stories both witty and wise
And show you fun with a waggish point you won't surmise
Is to topple your thoughts like Humpty-Dumpty off the wall
Where you can hardly put them together again at all!

And that is no doubt why everywhere we find
Babies of all shapes, colors and kind
Because it gives the grown-ups excuses no one will mind
If they stop a moment from their daily grind
To share the laugh and the inner soul
Of a guileless two year old with actions droll,
That wouldn't be allowed at all by Emily Post
But because youth's excuse is there
The grown-ups, too, may giggle and stare.

Oh, a grown-ups life's all hurried and flurried with no time
Atall to watch, let alone play with shadows on the wall..
Shadows that have a mystic lure
Because you're never sure
They're really there at all !


And so it was this Tuesday morn
We turned on our neighbor's TV set (Our's was shorn
Of all light and sound with tubes out and around)
And what, my friend, did we find?
A child's theater with curtain and everything
To make the heart excited and wondering
What could be hidden there behind the fold
When a silhouette ballerina danced out of the wing
Crisscrossed in flight with tiny arms that told
Of shadowland wonder and ecstasy and delight
That transported this viewer into a mystic flight.
With a kind of Mercutio's tiny Mab Queen spell.
But it wasn't Shakespeare that came round on the tiny screen
But a songster, too, by the name of Greenjean.

Then followed a game or two that made the thoughts spruce
Up with sharpness to outwit an invisible Mr. Moose!
Came a cartoon by the name of Tom Terrific
With theme all too specific --
Entitled "The Real Adventures of Me"
That ended up with a rainbow commercial and Cheerios to see....

The Treasure House next loomed high in print and mime
As Captain Kangaroo with mop on head and musician's time
Played an invisible piano small
Tucked against an equally disappeared wall
So down he sat with tune and a kazoo
That chortled victory for happy Captain Kangaroo.

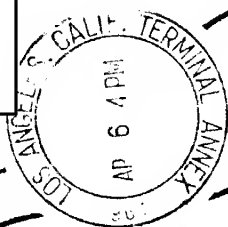
Of Peppy the Puppy and BBeBee, the hound,
Another day, another time around
Will bring the romp of mischief bright
As Felix, the Cat, comes skittishly in sight !

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